

The Hawkins Grinch by TheCharleeMonstah

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Summary:

Anon Asked for: I'm thinking decorating the cabin with Hopper (even though Hop is probably a grinch) as a surprise for El. Trying to get him in the Christmas spirit and mistletoe and kissing him all over. Not to mention using it to make him kiss the reader in all the right places (making his heart grow three sizes that day)

The Hawkins Grinch

“Bye Janie! Whatever crazy monster Mike throws out on the board today, you better make me proud and KICK ITS ASS!!!!” You waved out the Blazer’s window, over Hopper as Jane walked to the Wheeler’s front door. It was the day after Thanksgiving and it seemed everyone except you was dragging ass.

“How are you this energetic?” Hopper asked, driving away from the house.

“Because,” you giggled, “I have the best plan!!”

“Oh, yeah? What’s that?” He couldn’t help but smile a little, the sight of you this excited about anything made his heart throb.

“You are going to drive your ass over to Melvald’s and we are going to stock up on Christmas decorations and then you and I are going to make the cabin a goddamn winter wonderland for Janie’s first real Christmas!!”

“Oh, come on, I adopted her last Christmas, how can you beat that?”

“But it’s her first Christmas with meeeeeeee, and not just her crotchety old dad!”

Hopper groaned, rolling his eyes, “Watch it, brat....If this wasn’t for

Jane I would refuse, I hope you know that.”

The bell dinged as you walked into Melvald’s, greeting Joyce as you buzzed by her.

“Save me, Joyce,” Hopper said, stopping to talk to his old friend.

“Save you?” she laughed, “Save me, I’ve been here since 4AM.”

“Why the hell is Melvald’s open so early for Black Friday? It’s a convenience store, you having doorbuster sales on candy bars?”

“You wish, Hop. What’s Y/N so excited about?”

“Oh, she wants to decorate the cabin for Christmas before Jane gets home from the Wheeler’s tonight.”

“That’s a great idea! Oh, she’s going to love it, Hop. And who knows,” she whispered, “Maybe it can be a Hopper family tradition?”

“Joyce,” Hopper hissed, making sure you didn’t hear them, “I’m still not sure...”

“Oh, bullshit, Hopper, you know she’s the one.”

Before he could protest, you came up to the counter with a cart full of decorations. “Ring me up!!”

“Honey,” Hopper sighed, “Do you really think we need all of this?”

“Yes, the cabin has to be perfect!”

Joyce laughed as she rang up the items, “Good luck, Y/N, Hop here is Hawkins very own Mr. Grinch.”

“Aww,” you said, pinching his cheek, “Let’s see if I can make his heart grow a couple of sizes today then, shall we?”

When you got back to the cabin, Hopper had to desperately try and keep up with you, picking up the torn packaging from the lights and such as you throw them across the room. You had lights hanging around the entire circumference of the walls, a few snowflakes here and there, you wanted Jane to help you make the rest from paper. You had happy little Christmas gnomes, reindeer and Santa Claus on the shelves and over the fireplace you hung two stockings, one which read Jim and another that said your own name. You had a third ready that said Jane too, but you wanted her to put it up herself.

“We should pick out a tree with Jane later,” you said, hopping off the ladder once you hung the last of the lights.

Hopper grinned at you, then looked around his cabin at the nauseating amount of decor that Christmas vomited everywhere. "Yeah. She would love that." He walked over to you, a smile on your face growing disturbingly sly. "What.... What are you plotting, sugar?"

You took his hands and stepped under the old buck mount on the wall. Hop looked up at it and noticed why right away. You had hung a bit of mistletoe from the thing's mouth. You didn't even need to exchange words, as if he needed a reason to kiss you. He leaned down, taking you by the back of your head and kissing you tenderly on the lips. While he was preoccupied with the kiss, you reached up and grabbed the mistletoe, holding it over your chest when he finally broke the kiss.

"Oh, you little brat..." he laughed, rolling his eyes and going in to lay a kiss on your chest, right above your cleavage. You both laughed, finding each other's lips again and sharing deep, slow kisses.

That was, until you noticed the heavy snowfall outside. "FINALLY!!" you squealed, running outside without a coat. It was the first snowfall of the season, at least the first one that was actually sticking.

Hopper followed you out, putting his police jacket on you so you didn't freeze. He held you from behind, both of you watching the snowfall from the porch. "Is there anything as beautiful as snow falling in the woods?" You sighed.

"You." he said softly, making you blush and lean into him. You stood there together in silence for a moment just enjoying the moment together. That's when you felt him slip a small, velvety box into your hand.

Your eyes widened as you lifted the box to see it and a few simple words fell from his lips to your ear so softly, “Marry me...”

You flipped open the box, a beautiful diamond ring rests inside. “What?” you gasped, turning around to face him, “James....”

He smiled at you, not breaking eye contact as he dropped slowly to one knee. “Y/N... Will you do me the honor of becoming Y/N Hopper...”

You couldn't speak for a moment, your head was spinning but finally you spoke, through tears welling in your eyes, “Yes!! Of course I will!” You yanked him up by his sleeves, forcing him to his feet and then burying yourself in his chest. He hugged you, maybe tighter than he ever had before.

“I know this isn't some super fancy moment but... I can't think of anyone I'd rather be with and anyone I would rather have a family with than you...”

“Hopper,” you laughed, crying at the same time, “It's perfect, it's all perfect.”

He smiled at you, kissing you deeply again before taking the ring and slipping it on your finger. “I love you so much, Y/N.”

“God, Jim, I love you too.” You were sobbing now, clinging to him in the snow. It was the perfect moment and nothing would have

been more beautiful.

It was just after 9 when Jonathan and Nancy pulled up to the cabin and walked Jane to the door, Mike was with them as well. You and Hop came out to meet them.

“Y/N,” Nancy said, smiling, from the fact that you were grinning from ear to ear, “What’s got you glowing today?”

You bit your lip and held up your left hand to show them. Jonathan, Nancy and Mike all gasped, Jane was a little confused.

“OH MY GOD, Y/N!!” Nancy squealed, hugging you.

“Dad,” Jane said, “What?”

Hopper crouched next to her, “Jane... I’ve asked, Y/N if she would marry me and she said yes, which means...”

“She will be my mother.”

“Yes,” you said, kneeling in front of Jane, “I hope that is okay with you, Janie.”

You were not worried for a second after because Jane had lunged at you, hugging you tight. You couldn't help but cry again, holding onto this child that you have grown so fond of, who you now could call your family.

Jonathan walked over to Hopper, who stood, and lightly punched the cop's arm, "Congrats, Chief." He said, smiling up at him.

Once they left, you told Jane that you had a surprise inside for her too. Opening the front door to your very own version of a happy Christmas home. Jane stepped inside and was in awe at all the lights and decor you have planned for her. You took her over to the stockings and explained how they worked and she put her's up right in between yours and Hopper's.

When Jane was picking up and looking at all the little santa and reindeer statues, Hopper put his arm around your waist and spoke low to you, "Pretty good... but I think I win this Christmas surprise, huh?"

You blushed and leaned into him. You didn't seem to mind him taking all the glory this time. "Seems like the Hawkins Grinch's heart grow a bit more than three sizes this day."